https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/165621.html?thread=35877621#t35877621

Lucifer isn't a fool. He can tell that Castiel will never say yes to him, and he can tell that for better or worse Castiel will stand with the humans.

It's a shame, really, as Castiel is a smart foot soldier and Lucifer had uses for him. As it stands, however, he'll settle for this.

Castiel is kneeling before him only because Lucifer has forced him there. Castiel hasn't yet realized what Lucifer has in store for him, and Lucifer pities him.

Not enough to change his mind about what he's about to do, but honestly? If he had another angel he would use them instead of Castiel.

So Lucifer shrugs to himself and reaches a hand out to the center of Castiel's back. He forces Castiel's wings to manifest with his will, and he watches Castiel's body stiffen with the violation Lucifer is forcing upon him.

Normally angels only allow others to touch and handle their wings with great reluctance and trust, and here Lucifer is touching, feeling Castiel's wings up. They are exactly what he had been expecting, and Lucifer has to smile at the warmth he feels.

But this is not what he was here for, for it will not last if Castiel will not join him, and Lucifer will not make him stay.

Not all of him, anyways.

Castiel can't see Lucifer draw his sword. Castiel doesn't see Lucifer test the swing and angle as if he were a golfer.

Castiel feels it intensely as Lucifer makes the cut cleanly. He screams in pure agony as Lucifer severs one wing, cauterizing the wound as he finishes the move.

Lucifer carefully catches the wing, folding it gingerly and holding it.

"You may go freely, Castiel."

Castiel the one winged angel, who would stand with humans over Heaven or Hell, and Lucifer has made his judgment.

And, more simply, he has his wing to caress and examine when all of the others have blackened or become unreachable. That's all.